

This and That

SNOWED IN. BY H. S. KELLER.

There's lots of work a boy can do When he's snowed in, and can't get through To school because the drift's so high Seem reaching almost to the sky. Here is a broken bat to mend, A ball to stitch, a bow to bend, And here's a ship that needs a sail. To meet next summer's singing gale. Here is a gig that's lost a wheel, There's something wrong about this reel, This barrow needs a coat of red, And "Charley, make my doll a bed." With lots of stamps to sort anew, And fix them in the album, true— It's not so bad to be snow-bound When there is so much work around. —Ex.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture, Up through the long shady lane, Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields. That are yellow with ripening grain. They find in the thick waving grasses Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows, They gather the earliest snowdrops, And the first crimson buds of the rose. They toss the new hay in the meadow; They gather the alder-bloom white; They find where the dusky grapes purple In the soft-tinted October light. They know where the apples hang ripest And are sweeter than Italy's wines; They know where the fruit hangs the thickest On the long thorny blackberry vines. They gather the delicate sea-weeds, And build tiny castles of sand; They pick up the beautiful sea-shells— Fairy bars that have drifted to land. They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops Where the oriole's hammock nest swings; And at night-time are folded in slumber By a song that a fond mother sings. Those who toil bravely are strongest; The humble and poor become great; And so from these brown-handed children Shall grow mighty rulers of state. The pen of the author and statesman— The noble and wise of the land— The sword, and the chisel, and palette, Shall be held in the little brown hand. —Church Standard.

HIS OWN NAMES.

If you think a foreigner's ways are queer, ask yourself whether their seeming queerness may not be due mostly to your want of familiarity with them. "You have such strange names for your towns over heah!" said a titled English importation to one of his new American friends. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie and ever so many others, don't you know!" "I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully.

COFFEE TOOK IT.

Robbed the Doctor of his Cunning. "I was compelled to drink some Java coffee yesterday morning and suffered so much from its effects that I feel like writing you at once. I am 61 years old and for a great many years have been a coffee drinker. My nerves finally got into a terrible condition and for about two years I suffered with sinking spells and was so nervous that it seemed as though I could hardly live. I suffered untold agonies. My heart would stop and my kidneys gave me no end of trouble. About six months ago I gave up coffee for good and began using Postum. I insisted on knowing that it was properly made by being sufficiently boiled, and I prefer a cup of Postum to Java, Mocha, or any other coffee. My sinking spells have left me, my head gives me no trouble now, the kidneys are greatly improved, and, in fact, I feel a great change in my whole body. It is such a comfort to be well again. I know a physician in San Antonio who had become so nervous from the use of coffee that his hand trembled so badly that he could not hold a lancet, or even take a splinter out, and could scarcely hold anything in his hand. Finally he quit coffee and began using Postum. Now the doctor's nervousness is all gone and he is in good health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

ly. "Do you live in London all the time?" "Oh, no," said the unsuspecting Briton, "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Pockstogg-on-the-Hike."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Sir Edward Malet, in his book on the Levant, says that he once made a little excursion from Scyra to the island of Khio where, in a monastery, there was a celebrated picture. On his way back he had a glimpse of human nature as it inhabits the form of the Greek.

As I was going on board a very smart-looking Greek came up to me, and asked if I would give him a passage.

"If you are not afraid," said I. "It is very rough."

"Oh," said he with a laugh, "I am a sailor. The sea has no terrors for those who live on it."

He told me, as he stepped lightly on board, that his name was Dimitri.

My craft was a small one, with a lateen sail. The wind continued to rise, and in two hours it was blowing a hurricane. We rode the waves jauntily, but the motion was such that we could only be on the small after-deck, and hold on.

I popped myself against a coil of rope, with Dimitri by my side, and he crept closer and closer to me. We could not make Scyra without tacking, and as we went about we nearly capsized. Dimitri put his arms about me, and lay with his head upon my breast.

"Dimitri, look up!"

He did so, and I saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"Why, man, what is it?"

"Ah," said he, "it is all very well for you! You are not a sailor. You do not know the danger."

"Nonsense! See how she rides the waves!"

"Yes," said he, "but we must tack again presently, and then again, and the third time we shall certainly go over. And I was to have been married to-morrow. That is why I asked to come. No other boat would leave Khio."

He laid his head upon my breast again, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

I spoke such words of comfort as I could, but they were of no avail, until a steam tug hove in sight. It had been sent to look for me by our consul at Scyra. It bore down upon us and threw us a rope which we made fast.

Dimitri relaxed his hold, and dried his tears; and when he stepped upon the quay, it was with the grand air of one who holds himself superior to danger, whether by sea or land. —Ex.

DON'T.

"Don't do that, dear."

"Why, mamma, I'll soon be Johnny Don't," and the baby's sweet face had a grieved, puzzled look that hurt the mother's heart, but opened her eyes.

"There must be a better way," she said, "and I must find it."

When the boy came with hammer and nails, she said:

"Suppose you take these boards and make a chicken coop." Johnnie was delighted. That was so much better than aimlessly pounding the nails in table or chair, and being told, "Johnnie, don't."

"Don't make so much noise!" gave way to "Why not take your dog out for a scamper, then he can be quiet when inside." You see, she had found the better way. We love our babies, yet thoughtlessly hurt them. Study their ways, mothers, and spare the don'ts. —Rx.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

The chief danger for young girls in this great "today" of their own and this world's age is the temptation to restlessness, whether in curiosity, pleasure or pride. I want them all to be earnestly, thoroughly, thoughtfully intelligent of what is close to them and under their care happy not in one day as the happiest of their lives, but in the daily current of their time; and proud in rightly knowing what they have joy in knowing, and rightly doing whatever they are called upon—not by Fame, but by Love—to do for any who love them—for all who are dependent upon them.—Letters of Ruskin.

BIG HOUSES AND LITTLE TENANTS

Two friends were walking about a beautiful suburb of one of the great cities. As they passed a magnificent home, set in stately grounds, one of them remarked, thoughtfully: "Do you know, I think the persons most to be pitied in all this town are the Smiths. They own that beautiful house, fit residence for a prince, and they have more money than they know what to do with. Yet from one year's end to another the doors are never opened to welcome a friend, and Mrs. Smith and her sister spend all their time in doing the work of that great house, with the assistance of one small girl. As they never receive visitors themselves, so they never visit other people. The simple reason is that, while they have large goods, they have not large souls. They are not at ease in the presence of cultured people. When it was proposed that a visiting minister be cared for by them over Sunday, they accepted the suggestion only on one condition—that one of the deacons come along to entertain him! The thought of having a stranger in the house for forty-eight hours put both the host and hostess into a cold perspiration." The case, while extreme, is not solitary. Many little souls have moved into big houses. Men have gotten goods without getting character. They have found wealth, but they have not found ability to enjoy it aright. That was a wise father who said to his son, "Be as big a man as possible on the inside." What we are is not determined by the size of our house or of our bank account, but by our soul measurements.—Advance.

Thy friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend, wherefore be discreet.—Talmud.

"Rhode Island," said the little girl, "is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest."—Youth's Companion.

The Spring Feeling

VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER DISASTROUS TO WEAK PEOPLE.

Even Usually Robust People Feel Run Down and Out of Sorts at This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are the Very Best Spring Tonic.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood, strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitis' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this sterling remedy. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Rockville, Ont.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL advertisement featuring an image of a horse and rider. Text includes: 'Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.' 'Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.'

PURE GOLD Jelly Powder advertisement. Text includes: 'PURE GOLD Jelly Powder Joyfully, Quick, flavored with PURE GOLD EXTRACTS always true to name AT YOUR GROCERS.'

January, 1901, 100 per cent. January, 1902, 141 per cent.

Forty-one per cent. increase of patronage for January, this year, as compared with January, 1901, is encouraging, considering the fact that last winter's classes were the largest we ever had. Our Catalogue gives the reason for our success. Send for copy today.



Your Patronage

OF WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

is again solicited for the New Year. Look for the signature IN BLUE across each package.

For 60 Years

The name GATES' has been a warrant of par excellence in medicine. During these six decades GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT has been in public use with ever-growing popularity. All classes of workmen are now recognizing that it is the handiest and best application they can get in case of accident or colds, and the greatest pain killer in the world.

Lumbermen carry it with them in the woods for emergencies.

Fishermen and Miners have discovered that they require its aid. Farmers can get no superior liniment for ailments of horses and cattle.

Householders should keep it constantly on hand for burns, bruises, cuts, colds, coughs, etc.

It should be applied to a cut at once, as it heals and acts as a disinfectant, killing the disease germs which enter the wound. If you have a cold or other use for a liniment, get a bottle at once and you will be convinced that you have got the best. Sold every where at 25 cents.

C. GATES, SON & CO., Middleton, N. S.